

*American Junior Red Cross*

# NEWS

DECEMBER • 1958



# NEWS

American Junior Red Cross

VOL. 40 DECEMBER 1958 NO. 3

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The American Junior Red Cross NEWS is published monthly, October through May, and is copyrighted 1958 by the American National Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

Membership in the American Junior Red Cross is maintained through the annual enrollment of schools. Each elementary classroom enrolled is entitled to receive one copy of each of the eight issues of the American Junior Red Cross NEWS, beginning with the February issue. For other information concerning the American Junior Red Cross, see your local Junior Red Cross chairman. National enrollment fee \$1.00 annually per classroom. Extra copies of the NEWS are available at 15¢ a single copy.

The NEWS was entered as second-class matter January 18, 1921, at the post office, Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 3, 1921.

MANY

WONDERFUL

WORLDS



*World of Fun and Festivity*

## ★ Our Cover

Children around the world gather for fun and festivity under the Christmas tree, celebrating the holiday season according to the custom of their own countries. The noted artist, Henry Pitz, has drawn this beautiful design for the December cover.

## ★ From a Baltimore 5th grader

Audrey Lingham, Grade 5, School No. 141, Baltimore, Md. has written these verses about:

## Christmas Work

People are busy shopping so gay  
For that wonderful Christmas day.  
Children are making lists of toys  
Thinking of all the Christmas joys.

Some are helping the sick and ill  
So they may enjoy a Christmas thrill.  
These are the members of Junior Red Cross  
Who work to bring happiness to others, of course.

## ★ Looking for an Idea?

Here's a warm idea from JRCers in Eastern School, Grand Rapids, Michigan. For weeks before Christmas these boys and girls were busy knitting mittens to give to children in institutions. When the brightly colored mittens were all finished, they were hung on a mitten tree and set up in the school so the whole school could see the display.

In Dallas, Texas, 35 schools joined hands in making and filling tarlatan stockings for 2000 patients in veterans' hospitals, a tuberculosis hospital, and a state hospital. High school members made and decorated the stockings while elementary school members filled them.

Groups of students in Beaumont, Texas, gave an annual JRC toy tea at the Garth Friendship Club for the children in institutions.

## ★ January will soon be here

For the first time in many years you will be receiving a January issue of the NEWS next month. Watch for the "World of Science" number. It will contain many surprises just for you.

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor



Photo by "Photo-Art"

## An Armful of Christmas Joy.

Swan Lee, Vernon School, Portland, Oregon, has an armful of foam rubber turtles, made by Junior Red Cross members for distribution at Christmas time.





## GIFT OF THE OLD PINE TREE

By Charlie May Simon

AKIRA WAS SURE that Sano San was the oldest man in Japan, the oldest, even, in all the world. He was stunted and bent like one of his own trees, the kind he dwarfed and grew in pots and shallow trays.

"I am here," Akira said when he reached the doorway of Sano San's front room shop.

He was out of breath from running. It had been his day to help sweep the school sidewalks, and he was late. But Sano San greeted him in the same gentle way he had been doing since Akira first started to work for him.

"You are welcome here."

Akira quickly changed from his black school uniform to his work jacket. He looked on the low writing table to see if there were any orders to be delivered. There was nothing but the abacus and a sheet of paper beside it with a figure made in brush strokes, where Sano San had been adding up his debts again.

"There is one delivery, but it can wait a little longer," Sano San said. "First you can move those trays beside the door to make room for the old pine tree. It needs the feel

of the winter wind through its branches."

It was as cold inside as out, with the front door open, and Akira stirred the charcoal ashes in the blue and white porcelain burner. The old man moved the tree himself, for he would let no one else touch it. It was a small tree, not quite as high as Akira's knees, but it was more than a hundred years old. It had been planted by Sano San's master when he was a boy apprentice.

In its time the pine tree had seen princes in silken robes ride by in palanquins, and samurai with their long hair in a top knot and two sharp swords at their sides, and dancing girls hiding smiles behind their fans.

There was a dwarfed spruce and it was also old, for Sano San had planted it in his own apprentice days. Foreign ships were coming to Japan then for the first time in four hundred years, bringing strange new customs from the Western world.

"This one I'm keeping to give to you as my master gave his to me," Sano San said.

Akira had also planted a tree with the thought of giving it to an apprentice when



he was old and puttering about a shop of his own as Sano San was doing now. It was a cedar. He smiled as he turned to it, but it was a smile of embarrassment, for the tree had grown tall in spite of all he had done to follow the teachings of his master. He had wanted to throw it away, and begin over.

"Plant another one, yes," Sano San said. "But don't throw this away. See how it stretches out its branches on all sides as if it were standing alone in a fertile field."

When Akira first came to learn the trade of dwarfing trees, he had the feeling that it was his size that had changed. Walking among the rows of potted trees he seemed suddenly to have grown fifty times as tall as he had been. He was like a giant towering high above the pines and spruces and flowering plums. He could understand how Sano San looked upon the trees as living creatures, each with a soul of its own.

"A tree needs more than water and soil," he often said. "It needs love to make it grow."

He had a way of training the branches and twisting the trunks so that they seemed to be growing, not in pots and trays, but in a forest on a mountain slope or beside a windswept lake. One could almost see clouds drifting above the tops and hear the flutter and song of birds among the branches.

It was the time of the year when the days were at their shortest and twilight came as something of a surprise before anyone was quite ready for it. The year's end was a week away. It was the time for Christmas celebrations in many parts of Japan. And it was also the time when all good Japanese paid off their debts to make a new beginning for the coming year. Doorways of houses were decorated with loops of rope to keep the Sun Goddess from returning to her Cave of Winter.

In the front window of Sano San's shop there were trays of dwarf pine, plum, and bamboo growing together, symbols of the brave new year. The pine stands for strength

because it grows straight and holds proudly to its green leaves when other trees are bare. The plum is for courage, for it dares to bloom when winter's snow is still on the ground. And the bamboo is for endurance because it will rise again, no matter how low it is bent by the wind.

Akira wished he could go out with these trays and call to people to come and buy, the way the street vendors did. The bean curd man, the noodle man, the sweet potato man were always passing by blowing a horn, ringing a bell, or singing a song to sell their wares. Sano San would never allow it, for his trees, he said, were not for just anyone who happened by. They must go only to those who wanted them and would give them loving care. But Sano San owed money and if he would start a new year free of debt, someone must come and buy.

Sano San was puttering longer than usual about the old pine, and he scarcely noticed the other trees in the shop. He tested the soil to see that it was moist enough and he turned it first one way and then another so just the right amount of breeze and no more would reach its branches. At last he spoke. "Nakana San was here again this morning."

Nakana San was a rich man and could afford to have almost everything that he wanted. But there was something his money could not buy and that was the old pine tree. Several times he had come to the shop and each time Sano San refused to sell him the tree, it made him more eager than ever to own it.

"I told him I would let him know this evening," Sano San now went on.

Sano San turned away from the tree and stepped into his wooden clogs. He made a bow as he drew his hands far inside his wide kimono sleeves to keep them warm.

"The shop can be left unattended for a little while," he said. "Take the tree to Nakana San's house. The figure on the writ-

ing table is the amount he must pay. Only that and nothing more. The old pine is not to be bargained over like fish or radishes." He made another bow. "Come and tell me when you've returned. I am going now."

Akira bowed in response and stood watching him as he went on his way toward the pottery shop.

Akira made excuses to himself, putting off delivering the tree to Nakana San as long as he could. He sifted dirt for transplanting, taking more time than usual to see that it was neither too fine nor too coarse. Then he went from tree to tree with his watering can, lingering over each one to wash the leaves and branches. He came to the spruce that would some day belong to him, and he knew that if the time ever came when he must sell it, he would feel as Sano San felt now. He thought of the old man sitting with his friend the potter, on cushions on the matted floor, drinking tea and chatting, so that he would not see the old pine tree leave the shop.

When Akira looked at the old pine now, it was with a sense of guilt, partly because he was going to take it away, and partly because

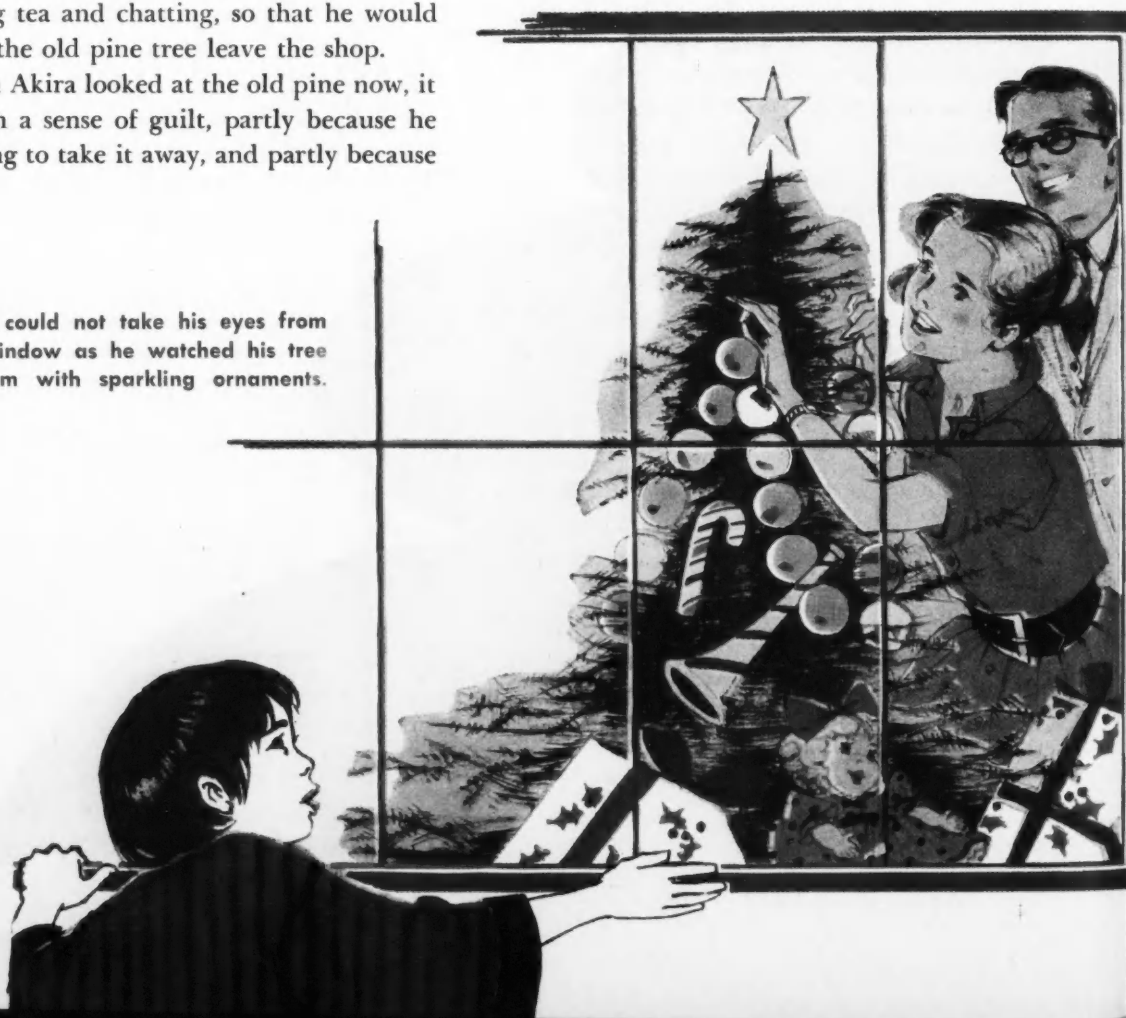
he was delaying and had not obeyed his master right away. At last he could put it off no longer. With a sigh he put down the watering can and picked up the tree. As he turned to leave the shop, a man he had never seen before came in.

"I'm looking for a certain kind of tree," he said. "They were sold out at the florist shop and perhaps I won't find it here either."

He looked around the shop, at the dwarf maple with its bare branches forming lacy patterns, the tangerine with fruit like golden balls, the winter jasmine and the white camellia in full bloom. Then he saw the spruce and the old pine which Akira still held in his arms, but he shook his head.

"Here are the trays of pine and bamboo and plum," Akira said. "The plums will be in bloom on New Year's Day."

Akira could not take his eyes from the window as he watched his tree blossom with sparkling ornaments.



The man was not listening. He had seen Akira's cedar in a dark corner of the room.

"There," he said. "That's what I had in mind. It's just what I want. How much is it?"

Akira hesitated. How could he put a price on something that was a failure.

"You see," he tried to explain, "it's something I planted myself."

"Will this be enough?"

The man counted out a roll of bills and Akira's eyes grew big with surprise. It was more than the amount Sano San had figured on his writing table. He put the pine down carefully in a sheltered place, now that the night wind had grown cold.

"When do you want it?" he asked.

"Right now," the man answered. "You see, tonight is the night for decorating a Christmas tree."

The cedar was much heavier than the little pine, and it was all Akira could do to lift and carry it. He followed the man down the street and around the corner to another street. At last they came to a big house set in a garden behind a bamboo fence. A woman came to meet them as they stepped inside the door.

"Oh, you did find a Christmas tree after all! And how beautiful it is!" she exclaimed. She led the way to an alcove facing the front window and Akira put the tree down where she told him. "Won't the children love it!" she went on. "They were so excited tonight I had a hard time getting them to sleep."

Akira bowed politely as he took his leave.

"Merry Christmas," the man and woman both called to him.

They were taking shiny objects out of boxes and fastening them to the tree. Akira lingered outside the window, watching in fascination as the branches of his overgrown cedar blossomed with sparkling balls and strings of colored lights. At the very top a silver star shone as bright as any in the sky. At the base of the tree there were gifts of children's toys, a doll with golden hair, a drum, and carts and trucks to pull on strings.

And there were boxes gaily wrapped and tied.

There were two places he must go before he returned to Sano San's shop, Akira decided when at last he turned from the window. First he went to the home of Nakana San and there he left a message with the servant.

"Tell Nakana San that my master is very sorry, but the old pine tree cannot be sold."

Then he walked with quick steps to a shop he knew about in the new part of town, where ornaments for Christmas trees could be bought. The old pine was small and would not hold many. A star for the topmost branch and five little sparkling balls, each one a different color, and that was enough. A phonograph was playing and the salesgirl sang the words softly as she waited on him. A feeling of joy came over Akira and the words of the song kept singing in his mind all the way to the shop and while he trimmed the old pine tree.

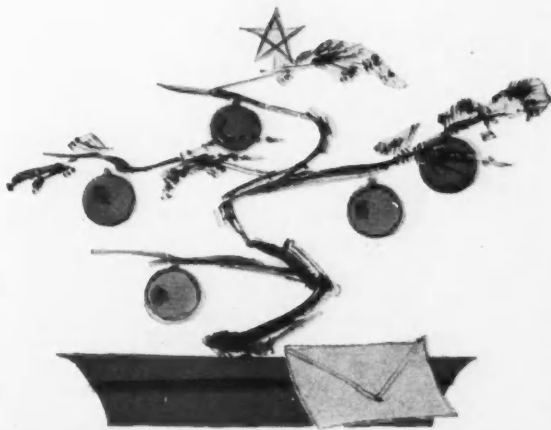
"Hark the herald angels sing

Glory to the newborn King."

When he had finished putting the star and shiny balls on the old pine, he took the money he had left from his pocket and put it in an envelope for his gift to place under the tree for Sano San. Then he hurried as fast as he could to the pottery shop down the street.

"It's time to come home now, Sano San," he said.

(END)



ILLUSTRATED BY ANN ESHNER

## Giving Time

Oh, Christmas time is giving time,  
A day for us to give,  
In mem'ry of the Christ Child  
Who came on earth to live.  
So let me give on Christmas day  
And give through all the year  
Such little gifts as I can give  
To bring to some good cheer.  
I'll give a smile to all I meet  
And give my love away;  
I'll gladly give a helping hand  
To someone every day;  
I'll make a present of a word  
Of cheer to someone sad;  
And find some little gift of joy  
To make each day quite glad.  
And then at night when day is done  
And I go fast asleep,  
I'll know that all I gave away  
Is really mine to keep!

KATHRYN S. GIBSON  
(Courtesy WEE WISDOM)

Providence, R. I.—Walter and Robert Osterberg, Norman Caito (magicians), their assistants, Joyce Harradan and Linda Resmini, entertain at Christmas party for crippled children.



# Christmas



Springfield, Mass.—Fifth graders at Homer Street School, Springfield, sing a "good-bye" to the Santa Claus they constructed for a local Children's Home.

St. Clairsville, Ohio—St. Clairsville Elementary School is proud of its sock and mitten tree. The 70 pairs of socks and 16 pairs of mittens will be distributed to needy children in the community.

Photo "St. Clairsville Gazette, Ohio"





# Time is Giving Time ★



**Ft. Worth, Texas**—Students at E. M. Daggett Elementary School make pinatas for children's hospitals and orphans' homes. The pinatas are filled with candy.



*Tom W. Collins Studios*

**Dallas, Texas**—Elementary school JRCs join with high school members in making and filling 2000 stockings for hospital patients.



**Warren, Maine**—300 stockings and five cartons of toys were prepared by Junior Red Cross members in Knox County for distribution at Christmas time.

# The Small Christmas Pilgrim

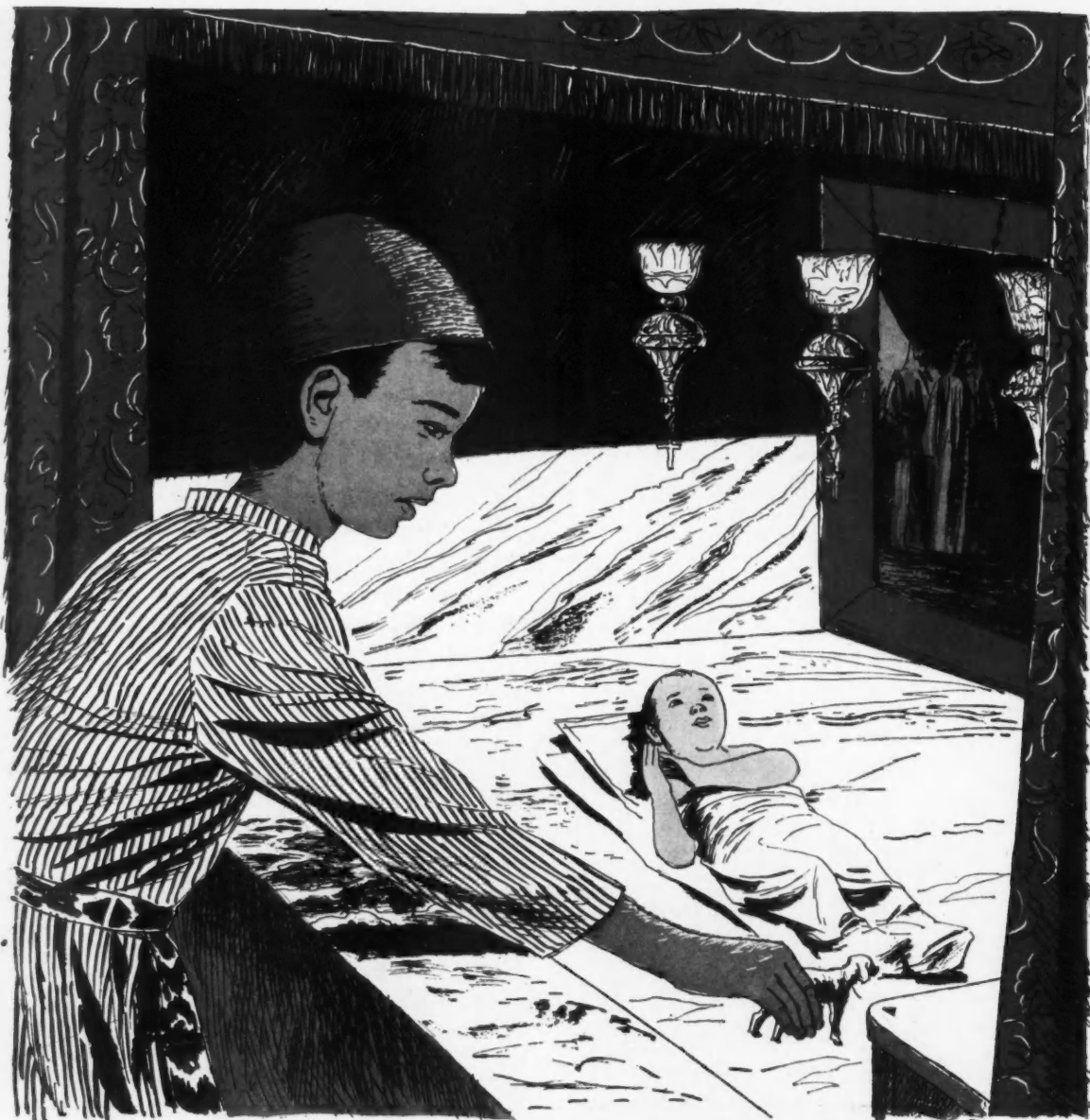
By Frances Carpenter

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED COLLINS

"ARE YOU NOT AFRAID, NABI?" Yousuf looked up anxiously at his older brother.

"Why should I be afraid?" Nabi replied. "The Jordan people have said Christmas pilgrims from Israel may come to Bethlehem this year."

Yousuf still looked uncertain. He was only 7 years old and he could not help thinking of the fighting that so often took place on the dividing line between his country, Israel, and its neighbor, Jordan.



No one noticed this small Pilgrim as he bent over the manger.

This boy was the smallest of all in this band of Christmas pilgrims, on their way to the Holy Place where the Baby Jesus had been born. Jesus was very real to Yousuf and his brother, Nabi. It was in their town of Nazareth that He had lived as a small boy. They could picture how it must have been in the house of His father, Joseph, the carpenter. Their own grandfather, Old Efraim, also worked with wood. They often watched him while he carved wood figures to sell to the tourists who came to Nazareth.

At this very moment Yousuf had, tied inside his belt, the little lamb which Old Efraim had carved for him from a piece of old olive wood. This lamb was the boy's favorite toy. By day and by night he kept it close at hand, like a lucky charm.

This small pilgrim's forefathers were Arabs, and of course most Arabs are followers of the Prophet Mohammed. Yousuf's home was in a Jewish land, for Nazareth lies in that part of Old Palestine which the United Nations gave to the new Republic of Israel. Yet, like thousands of other Arabs in Israel, Yousuf and his family were believers in Jesus Christ.

"And if there should be trouble at the border when we go into Jordan? What then, Nabi?" Yousuf was still worried. For as long as he could remember, he had heard stories of guns being fired there, and even of men being killed.

"There will be no trouble this day, Silly." Nabi spoke with the importance of being 11 years old. "We are already at the border. And you can see that the pilgrims ahead of us are passing the Jordan guards without fear. Our father has papers that will prove we are Christians. We are quite safe."

Yousuf smiled then. He stepped bravely along with the grownups as they crossed the unoccupied ruined Jerusalem street between the two countries. This rough strip of ground

is today a No Man's Land. When the boy had passed the guards on its Jordan side, he began to enjoy himself.

How different was the Jordan half of Jerusalem which he now entered! Behind him lay the part of the city which belonged to his land of Israel, where there were so many modern houses, and great new government buildings. In that "New City" the flags were the white Israeli banners with their blue Star of David.

Here, inside the high walls of the "Old City," the stone houses were gray with age. Some of the narrow cobblestoned streets looked to be a thousand years old. And of course, the flags were those of Jordan—black, green, and white, with their small red triangle and their seven pointed white star.

It was before Yousuf was born, after World War II, that the United Nations created these two new countries, and divided the city of Jerusalem between them.

Along the smooth highway from Jerusalem to Bethlehem these pilgrims walked well over to the side of the road. They took care to keep out of the way of the crowded busses and automobiles which rolled so swiftly past them.

They had made the long trip from Nazareth to Jerusalem in a motor bus. But on this day before Christmas, the Bethlehem busses did not have room for all the pilgrims who wanted to go to the birthplace of the Christ Child.

Yousuf and Nabi did not mind. It made them feel more like the Christmas pilgrims of old to be making the last few miles of their journey on foot.

There was much to interest them on this broad busy highway. Now and then they met a small gray donkey, loaded with bundles, or with an old white-bearded grandfather riding upon its back. Once they saw a small Bedouin caravan of shaggy brown camels. The boys could scarcely hear the tinkle of the

camel bells with the roar of the great airplane crossing the sky over their heads.

In the crowds on the Bethlehem streets, the pilgrims passed people of many lands. There were desert women with tattoo marks on their faces, clad in long gowns and head shawls. There were olive-skinned men in smart modern business suits. But, instead of hats, some of these men had on white turbans, red fezzes, or head cloths held in place with camel-hair cords.

Monks in brown robes, priests all in black, and nuns with wide white headdresses reminded Yousuf and Nabi how many different kinds of Christians worshipped in Bethlehem. The boys could easily tell the tourists from Europe and America by their western clothes.

"On this day," their father told the boys, "there is no other place in the world so important as this little town. In all Christian lands tonight, people are thinking of Bethlehem and how Christ was born here."

Yousuf and Nabi could imagine how it must have been on that first Christmas Eve. They themselves stood in the Field of the Shepherds below Bethlehem on its hilltop. With the crowd of other pilgrims and priests they took part in the great carol singing. Sweet music from hundreds of throats floated out on the cold December night air. The boys could easily make believe that the carols came from a heavenly choir up in the starlit sky. The wonder of Christmas filled their young hearts. The Bethlehem Christmas Eve procession was splendid. The robes and the crowns of the bishops gleamed with red and gold. Bells rang as the procession moved behind the white-bearded leader to the Church of the Nativity which is to say to the Church built above the stable where Christ was born.

Their father had told the boys about stables in those early days, how the farm beasts were often housed in a cave, or in a grotto dug out of the rocky ground. It was in such a stable that Mary and Joseph took shelter

on that chilly night when there was "no room for them at the inn."

Yousuf and Nabi followed their family down the curving stone steps that led to the Holy Grotto under the Church. In awed silence they looked upon the great silver star set in its marble floor. Its fourteen points gleamed in the light of the many silver oil lamps which hung down from above on shining gold chains.

"Here, of the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ was born." This is the meaning of the Latin words which surround the hole in the center of the star. Through this round opening the pilgrims could touch with their lips the very rock floor of the original cave.

Yousuf lingered by the side of the low marble manger at one side of the Grotto. In the light of the four lamps hanging above, the wax figure of the Christ Child lying within it looked almost alive.

"It's time to go, Yousuf," Nabi pulled twice at his brother's sleeve. But Yousuf did not answer. The older boy shrugged his shoulders and went towards the stone stairs.

Yousuf did not move until the other people beside him also had turned away. No one noticed this small pilgrim as he bent over the manger. It was not until the next morning, early on Christmas Day, that a priest saw the little olive-wood lamb lying close to the image. Like the Wise Men of old, Yousuf had laid down his greatest treasure at the feet of the Christ Child.

The pilgrims found many other holy places to visit in Bethlehem. There was the Milk Grotto, also beneath the Church of the Nativity. Here, it is said, the Holy Family stayed until they fled from Herod into Egypt. The chalky white of its rock floor is explained by the legend that one day, while the Baby Jesus was being fed, a few drops of his Mother's milk fell to the ground.

And there was, nearby, the Well of the Star in which the Wise Men found again their



guiding light in the heavens. They had lost sight of the Star. They had looked for it in vain. To the East, to the West, to the South, to the North!

Troubled and thirsty, they had paused to drink at this well. And as they glanced down at its dark waters, they saw, as in a mirror, the bright star they sought. They had not found it before because it was shining high in the sky, just over their heads.

"It's time to go home," the boys' father said on the morning of the fourth day. "Four days may pilgrims from Israel stay here in Jordan, but not one hour longer. We do not want trouble with the guards at the border."

"Everyone has been kind to us in this land, my father," Yousuf remarked. "I am no longer afraid of the people of Jordan."

Yousuf indeed had forgotten his fear. The small boy was so full of the pleasure of the past days that he looked on everyone as his friend. This even included the tall Arab guard who stood, straight and stern, at the

Jordan entrance to No Man's Land.

"Shalom!" Yousuf cried warmly, looking up at the guard. "Shalom," the greeting which means "Peace" is as usual in the Jewish country of Israel as is "good morning" in the United States.

The boy's father turned quickly, startled by the sound of his son's familiar greeting. He was even more surprised when he saw the dark face of the Jordan guard break into a broad smile.

"Aleikum es-salaam! And with you be peace, Little Brother," the man replied kindly after his Arab custom. And he gave the eager-faced little boy a playful pat on his head.

"Oh, my father," Yousuf said when they were once more in Israel, "It is good that at Christmas time at least we can have peace with our neighbors."

"Yes, my son, it is good." His father spoke thoughtfully. "What all the world needs is this Christmas peace. If only it could last all the year through, and forever and ever!"

**Yousuf's father smiled as he heard his son cry "Shalom!" in greeting to the guard.**



★

★

# Holidays in Far Places

Children the world around enjoy holiday time although the celebrations may not be all the same. Through Junior Red Cross a bond of friendly feeling comes from thoughtful remembrances to each other.

★

PICTURE LOWER LEFT

On the far Pacific island of Saipan, pupils in the Chalan Kenoa School, say "Thank You" with big smiles for AJRC Gift Boxes.

PICTURE LOWER RIGHT

Korean children in Pong San School receive sweat shirts as gifts from American juniors.





PICTURE LEFT

Salomie Barnardo, patient in the Walton Orthopedic Home, Port Elizabeth, Union of South Africa, shows the contents of her gift box to Mrs. E. Van Rooyen, JRC organizer.



In Yugoslavia, Santa Claus hands out gifts, including AJRC gift boxes, to children at the Children's Hospital, Dedinje.

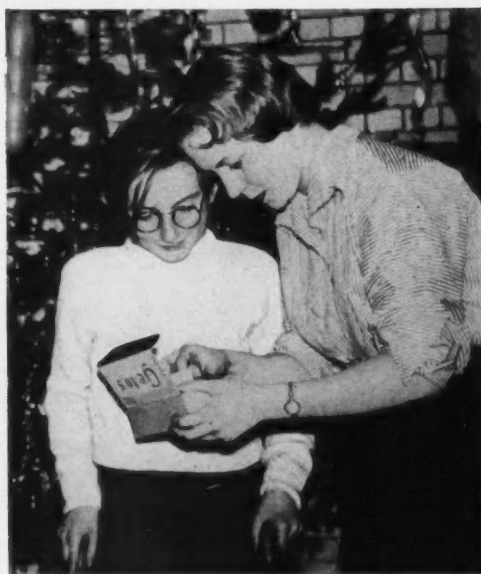


PICTURE LOWER LEFT

Susan Kracht, Awase Primary School, looks over Christmas gifts for Okinawan pupils of Nakagusuku.

PICTURE LOWER RIGHT

"Thank you," says handicapped patient in London, England, as she receives gift.



# Christmas in the Giant Forest

By Gladys R. Saxon



CARL JACOBSEN moved back a bit from the great flat slab of Coast Redwood that he was sanding down. With careful fingers he tested the surface with its 203 pairs of tan and red rings.

As usual, he had counted those rings when the slab had come into his dad's woodworking shop. Even after 5 months, in the redwood forest near Santa Cruz, California, he found it hard to believe that any tree could be 203 years old. And the state park ranger had told him that some Coast Redwoods farther north grew to be more than a thousand years old, and 350 feet tall!

"How is this now, Dad?" Carl said. "Ready for the lacquer?"

His dad moved over from his long bench. In this little woodshop, Mr. Jacobsen made highly polished table-tops and benches for homes as well as outdoor items like gates, birdhouses, planters, windowboxes, all out of redwood.

His calloused and experienced hand moved almost lovingly over the huge round. "A little more just here," he said, pointing to a bump so tiny that no ordinary person would have noticed it. "Ah, you'll be a true Jacobsen, my son," he said.

Proudly, Carl worked down the tiny bump. All his life he had heard about the three generations of Jacobsen woodworkers in Denmark. All his life he had used the fine birch and oak furniture made by these men, and by his father who was the first Jacobsen to work with wood in the United States. Some

day, he would be the fifth in the family.

Now though, as he worked, Carl was thinking of something else—Christmas vacation. One day more and he would be back in Solvang having fun with his friends—horseback-riding, canyon picnics, parties in the old Danish way, eating his favorite Danish foods. . . . Ummmm, those parties! Grandfather and Grandmother Brandt still lived in this little Danish town in Southern California with its white houses and close-packed shops. The people kept Solvang as much like a town in Denmark as they could with Danish cooking and Danish speaking and Danish customs—not only because they liked it that way, but also to attract tourists.

"I hope Grandma will have *frikadeller* for us the night we get there," Carl said to his dad. "Betcha I can eat six."

"Don't mention it, son, I'm hungry now."

Carl put down his sander. "There, that's ready, I'm sure. I want to see how the San Lorenzo's doing before lunch."

On the highway just outside the big doors of the shop, a yellow truck, thick with mud, rumbled by. "If this rain would ever stop," Carl complained, "we might get some trade."

"No rain, no redwoods," his father reminded him. "Look at the beauty of it—such a green moss on the black trunks, such a sparkling on the needles when the sun comes out."

Putting on his raincoat and hat, Carl said, "I suppose so," and started down the hill toward the river. As he slogged through the



thick carpet of needles and tiny cones, he could hear the louder and louder roaring of the usually quiet little river. Long branches raced this way and that on the swirling water. Why, the mark he had made on the stick beside the river was covered! In fact, the stick was now 2 or 3 feet from the bank!

"Maybe there'll be a flood like the one in '55," he thought. "Boy, that would be exciting!" For a moment, he was almost sorry he would be gone before a flood could possibly happen.

He started up the hill toward the 4-room house attached to the woodshop and little giftshop that faced the highway. Must be almost lunchtime, and his mother had promised to make his favorite cocoanut pie. Not having customers to wait on in the giftshop, she had time for special cooking, she had said. When April came and the rains stopped, she would be too busy for such things.

Halfway up, Carl heard a familiar sound—a tramping of feet, a rustling in the young redwoods sprouting from around the giant trunks. Yes, there was Bucky, hungry as

usual. Bucky had stayed behind when the other Blacktailed Deer in the grove had gone into the high country above the redwoods for the winter.

Carl took the can of barley from the woodbin against the barbecue pit. Quietly, he held a handful out toward Bucky. Long ears twitching, tiny feet dancing nervously, stubby tail wagging, Bucky licked up the dry food, then sniffed for more. Carl handed him a raw potato, then an apple.

On the way up the hill  
he fed Bucky, the deer.



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HUTCHINSON

"Sorry, fella, you'll have to find your own food for a week," Carl told him. "Now, off with you! I'm hungry, too!"

Mr. Jacobsen was already in the cheerful kitchen when Carl opened the back door. Leaving his raincoat and hat to dry just there, Carl listened in on the news reports both his father and mother were hearing. . . . "Rains will continue for the next three days from Eureka south along the coast. Residents of coastal river communities are warned of possible flooding."

Carl stopped listening. Tomorrow morning they would be leaving the redwoods. By tomorrow night they'd be having Christmas Eve fun at Grandma and Grandpa's. He thought proudly of the table-top he had helped make for them, of the redwood bird feeding-tray he had made all alone for Uncle Thor and Aunt Gunhild, of the redwood tie-slides he had made for the fellows in the riding-club he'd belonged to. What would they all give *him*, he wondered.

At the table, his mother asked, "We're too high for trouble, aren't we, Hans?"

"Stop fretting, May," said his father. "The river kept well below the barbecue pit in that '55 flood. Besides they've done a lot of work on the upper river since then."

Carl said hesitantly, "Dad, why don't we leave right now? We could make it easy."

"Yes, why not?" Mrs. Jacobsen said. "No point in waiting. I can be ready in half an hour."

"Well, maybe you're right. Hop to it, Carl. I'll put the table-top in the luggage compartment. It will be safe enough."

What a scramble for the next little while! A happy scramble for Carl. Now he was sure his wish for a Solvang Christmas vacation would come true . . . and a whole day early!

They were loading the car, when two station wagons drove up. What looked like a crowd of men and women and children jumped out, ran through the rain and mud,

#### DANISH WORDS

**Frikadeller**—Danish meat balls

**Rullepølse**—Rolled beef open-faced sandwich

**Spegepølse**—Salami sandwich

**Aeg and sild**—Egg and anchovies sandwich

**Leverposteg**—Liver paste sandwich

thundered into the giftshop, talking loudly and in great excitement.

"There's been another slide near Sequoia Lodge," one of the men said. "Ranger told us to stay with you folks. And the new bridge may go out . . . they're adding sandbags already."

"But you can't stay here," Carl blurted out. "We're leaving."

"Carl! Your manners!" said his mother.

Then, with a helpless and disappointed look at Mr. Jacobsen, she set about making the women and children visitors welcome while the men and Mr. Jacobsen left to help at the bridge.

Carl went into his room and shut the door. Sullenly, he stared out of the window down toward the river. Could it possibly be? Was that the river almost up to the barbecue pit? He knew that it was, and he knew that spending Christmas where he used to live was not to be.

"Well, they can stay out there and I'll stay in here," he said. Outside his door he could hear the loud talking of the women as they spoke above the laughing and crying of the children and babies. "They can just stay out there!"

He got out his stamp collection and worked on it for a while. Then he played checkers with himself for a few minutes. He was just about to pull down his dart game when his mother came into the room. For a moment she looked at him without speaking. Then she said, "Carl do you realize that these people have had to leave their homes and all their belongings? What kind of a Christmas will they have, do you think?"

"Merry-Night-Before-Christmas-Evel!"  
Carl's mother said gaily.



"Why did they have to spoil everything and come to *our* house?"

His mother shook her head disappointedly and went out. Carl suddenly realized that his mother must be even more sad about not going to Solvang than he. Grandpa and Grandma Brandt were her parents.

"I suppose I could let those kids play in here," he said crossly.

He opened his door part way. "Come on in if you want to, you kids," he said. He saw his mother look at him with a "thank you" smile, and he felt better.

For the first hour things went all right. Then the littlest children began hitting each other, and crying. And two of the older children broke his best market game. If only the rain would stop, Carl thought.

But the rain kept pouring down through the giant forest, and the river kept up its roaring, and the children kept up their noisy quarreling and playing. It was a long afternoon. Only one thing saved it—Carl knew that he was doing something to help his mother. And it *was* too bad about the people probably losing all their belongings in the flood. Guess he was lucky, really!

At last, Mrs. Jacobsen called everybody to supper. The women had been busy all afternoon. Somehow they had turned the

living-room and kitchen into a Christmas-y place—a decorated Christmas tree, and red-wood branches with red ribbons on the table, and big good-smelling platters and pots of food.

"Merry - Night - Before - Christmas - Evel!"  
Carl's mother said gaily.

She whisked off the covers of things—Carl saw *frikadeller* in one bowl. And open-faced sandwiches on two huge platters—his favorites—*rullepolse*, and *spegepolse*, and *aeg and sild*, even *leverposteg*!

"We'll have a Danish Christmas after all," his mother told Carl. "With games and gifts and singing after supper!"

The children shouted at the news, the mothers smiled, and the men coming back from the bridge joined in. It might be a pretty good Christmas at that, Carl thought. The bridge seemed to be holding, the men said. *And*, he still might get down to Solvang for a vacation—for a *second* Christmas! ★

# The First Hanukkah —

By Karen Tersoff

IN BIG CITIES and small villages all over the world, Jewish people were getting ready to celebrate Hanukkah.

Hanukkah is a time for merriment, for giving gifts, playing games and having parties. Hanukkah is one of the most joyful of all the Jewish holidays.

David wanted to help prepare for Hanukkah too. He took down the candleholder and began polishing it to a soft glow. There were eight branches on the Menorah, waiting to hold eight candles—one for each of the eight nights of Hanukkah. In the middle of the Menorah was another special branch for the *shamos*, or lighter candle. The *shamos*

*more on page 21*

ILLUSTRATED BY  
SIDNEY QUINN





is always the first candle lit, and it is used to light every other candle placed in the Menorah.

As he gently rubbed the brass, David thought back over the years, many of them, to the first Hanukkah.

Slap, Slap, went the cloth against the Menorah.

It was two thousand years ago, David knew, when the wicked king of Greece, Antiochus, ordered all the Jews to worship his own Greek idols. Those who refused to do so were killed.

What a terrible thing, David thought angrily, giving the polishing cloth an extra hard slap against the Menorah.

"What a terrible thing to do!" he said aloud.

Then, with pride, David thought of all the Jews who had refused to obey the king. Leaving all their belongings behind, they fled into the hills, fearful for their very lives.

How they had suffered! They hid in caves, eating whatever they could find. Many died of sickness and hunger. Many more were killed.

David wondered if he would have been as brave as they. "Well, perhaps," he decided, thinking of Judah Maccabee, who had inspired bravery in so many men.

Judah had been a brave, courageous warrior himself. Under his leadership, many of the Jews hiding out in the hills took part in the fight against the Greeks.

At first they fought only at night, attacking small groups of enemy troops, then scattering and returning to the hills to hide. Later, as the numbers of their troops increased, the Jews dared to fight more openly.

After many long, hard battles, Judah Maccabee led the Jews to victory. Triumphant, men, women, and children followed their leader into the city of Jerusalem.

As soon as the people saw their city again, they knew that their work had only begun. Now they had to begin the hard job of clean-

ing up and restoring the temple.

Every man, woman, and child set to work. For several weeks they labored. They worked harder in those weeks, David imagined, than he had worked altogether in his whole life.

Harder and harder David rubbed the Menorah, as he thought about the many things that the Jews had to do.

First, the men destroyed all the Greek idols. Then they helped the women and children scrub their temple. A new altar had to be made, new gates built, new vessels found for the Temple.

David sighed. But he knew that the Jews were filled with joy and hope when the Temple was once more clean and new looking.

After that, he remembered, the priests wanted to rededicate the Temple and light the Eternal Lamp.

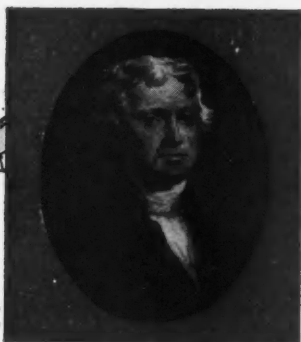
Specially prepared, pure oil was needed for the lamp. It took many, many days to make the oil, so the Jews were saddened when they could find only enough to keep the lamp burning for one day.

But, miracle of miracles, the lamp, once lit, burned brightly on and on, for eight whole days. By then, more oil was ready for the Eternal Lamp.

That, David knew, is why we light a Menorah at Hanukkah; one candle the first night, and one more candle each succeeding night, until eight candles are burning in memory of the miracle of the temple.

David put away his polishing cloth and examined his Menorah. It seemed to him that the brass candleholders gleamed as brightly as the faith and courage of that small band of early Jews who were willing to fight and even lay down their lives for the right to worship God in their own way, and brought to the Jewish world the first Hanukkah.

David was proud and happy to be one of the many Jews in big cities and small villages all over the world who were getting ready to celebrate Hanukkah. ★



THOMAS JEFFERSON



*Wide World Photos, Inc.*

President Eisenhower and his family stand in front of a Christmas tree in the East Room of the White House.

**P**RESIDENT Dwight D. Eisenhower pressed a button, and the tall, national community Christmas tree in the park south of the White House in Washington, D. C., was flooded with thousands of lights. Dozens of smaller trees on either side of a "Pathway to Peace" glowed softly in the dusk!

"As once again we meet for this annual ceremony," said the President, "all are united in the renewed hope we feel at Christmas time that the world will somehow be a better place for all. . . ."

These words marked the beginning of the 1957 Christmas celebration in our nation's capital, a huge party that lasted all week. Every day there was a pageant or a musical program, as well as puppet shows and story hours especially for younger citizens. Santa Claus was present with a mechanical sleigh, and long lines of boys and girls stood waiting to take their turns for a ride over the frosty ground.

Inside the White House, the President's

# CHRISTMAS

grandchildren—like millions of other boys and girls throughout the nation—were playing with their presents. David Eisenhower, now 10 years old, and his younger sisters, Barbara, Susan, and Mary Jean, had gathered around a tall tree, a 15-foot balsam fir, in the family living quarters on Christmas morning. Santa Claus, with the help of their grandparents, had made the day one long to be remembered.

Mr. Eisenhower is not the first President who has enjoyed playing Santa. George Washington showered his adopted daughter, Nelly Custis, and her younger brother with gifts, but they never actually lived in the building we call the White House. John Adams, the second President, moved in only a few months before his term was over.



ANDREW JACKSON

The White House still looked bare and uninviting when Thomas Jefferson became head of the nation, but the holiday season, 1802, was a gay and happy one. His two daughters and seven grandchildren had arrived for a visit, and the President himself went to market to select the geese for the Christmas dinner. The State Dining Room was scantily furnished, but on the long table there were eight great silver candelabra, blazing with light from dozens of wax candles. The children squealed with pleasure when they found, on each small plate, a cranberry tart. These tarts were a part of the Christmas celebration their grandfather never forgot. And there were presents for everyone!

"He seemed to read our hearts," said one of the granddaughters years later, "to see our invisible wishes, to wave the fairy wand, to brighten our young lives by his goodness and his gifts. . . ."

Andrew Jackson's household was just as fortunate. He had no sons or daughters of

called years later, "that he was talking about his own desolate childhood."

Andrew Jackson found pleasure in giving the children everything that he himself had missed. Abraham Lincoln felt the same way about his son Tad, and there was an upstairs room at the White House filled with playthings. "I want him to have all the toys I did not have," the President said.

Ulysses S. Grant, though not poor, had been a lonely little boy; and perhaps this made him all the more affectionate with his own family. He was always patient with them—except once. That was when he bought 10-year-old Jesse a watch for Christmas. Jesse had wanted that watch for a long time, and General Grant made his wife promise to keep it a secret. Then to her surprise, at dinner one evening, he took the watch from his pocket and handed it across the table to his son.

"Why, Ulyss," Mrs. Grant protested, "you said that was for his Christmas present."

## COMES TO THE WHITE HOUSE

By Frances Cavanah

his own, but he adored the sons and daughters of his two nephews. There were four little Donelsons and two little Jacksons who gathered in his bedroom on December 24, 1835, to hang up their stockings. Eight-year-old Jackson Donelson thought it would be a good joke to hang up the President's sock.

"Now let's see how Santa Claus will treat you, Mr. Uncle Jackson, President of the United States," he giggled.

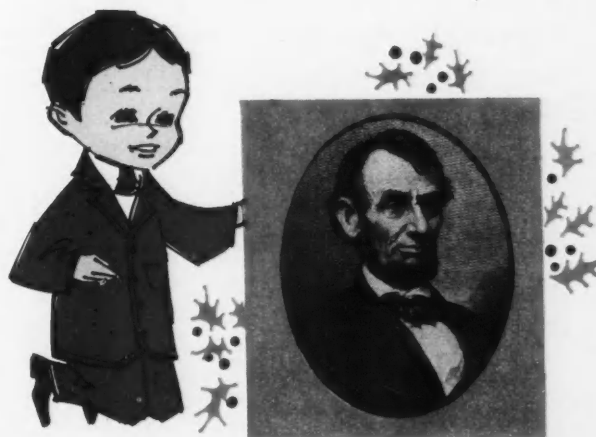
"Uncle," said Jackson's brother John, "did you ever see Santa Claus?"

"No, I never did." There was a pause before the President went on. "I once knew a little boy who had never heard of Christmas or of Santa Claus."

The children eyed him solemnly. "We little suspected," Mary Emily Donelson re-

The President smiled sheepishly. "Well, Jesse doesn't want to wait until Christmas, and neither do I."

All in all, Presidents are much like other fathers and grandfathers. At Christmas the White House is much like any other home.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN



ULYSSES S. GRANT

Benjamin Harrison was so dignified that he was nicknamed "the human iceberg," but no one who saw him with his small grandchildren thought him cold or stand-offish. On the day before Christmas, 1891, they stood outside of the locked door of the big circular room used as a library, whispering and giggling. President Harrison and the gardener were busy inside. They were trimming the first Christmas tree ever set up in the Executive Mansion.

"We try to live in the White House," he said, "just as we did at home."

Then he added, "As nearly as possible." White House youngsters can hardly be said to spend Christmas exactly the way most youngsters do. They receive far too many presents. When Grover Cleveland was President, his three small daughters were the most widely known and loved little girls in America. Toys came pouring in from friends they had never seen. In 1895 their favorite gift was a doll house. Their mother, the beautiful Frances Cleveland, had hired a carpenter to make it for them, and it was a tiny copy of the gracious big white house on Pennsylvania Avenue in which they lived. Even after their father's term was over, and they moved to Princeton, New Jersey, they continued to play with it.

"Mother did not want us to dwell on the fact that we had been White House children," said Marion, who is now Mrs. John Amen and an executive in the national offices of the Girl Scouts of America. "Yet that little

toy house could not help but remind us that we had once lived in the real White House."

Theodore Roosevelt's four lively sons and his younger daughter Ethel ranged in age from 4 to 14 when their dad became the Chief Executive. Not one of them felt too old to sit on their parents' bed and open their stockings.

During the later years of Franklin Roosevelt's administration, the big white house was usually running over with grandchildren. The older ones helped to trim the tree on Christmas Eve, while the President suggested where each ornament be placed. He insisted on real candles—treated with some solution to prevent fires—for the family tree in the upstairs hall. The high point of the evening was when he read aloud from Charles Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. He acted out each part, so that even the tiniest member of the family enjoyed it.

"He always put a good deal of drama into his reading of the parts about the ghosts," said Eleanor Roosevelt, his wife. Mrs. Roosevelt always gave a children's party during Christmas week, even if none of her grandchildren could be present.

For young people in the White House, as for fortunate young people elsewhere, parties have been an important part of the holiday season. Mary Emily Donelson told of the "Juvenile Soiree" given by her uncle, Andrew Jackson. The guests romped through the East Room "as free and unrestrained as

ILLUSTRATED BY TIM EVANS



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT





if on a Texas prairie." They pelted one another with "snowballs," made of noncombustible, starch-coated cotton. The floor was covered with "snow" as the glistening white balls exploded with all the delightful and terrifying noises of a thunderstorm. Vice President Martin Van Buren—soon to become President—joined in the games and, when he had to pay a forfeit, he stood on one leg and recited:

"Here I stand all ragged and dirty,  
If you don't come and kiss me, I'll  
run like a turkey."

"No kiss being volunteered," said Mary Emily, "he strutted like a game gobbler across the room, amid peals of laughter."

There was a new twist to the party given for the grandchildren of President Herbert Hoover in 1931. Several dozen small sons and daughters of Washington officials were invited to celebrate with little Peggy Anne and Herbert Hoover 3d. "This is not the Christmas parties you usually go to, where you get lots of toys and presents . . ." the invitations read. "For Santa Claus has sent word that he is not going to be able to take care of all the little boys and girls he wants to this year, and he has asked other people to help him as much as possible. So if you will bring some

presents with you, we will send them all to him to distribute."

The guests arrived carrying sweaters and candy and all kinds of toys. They were greeted by "Mrs. Santa Claus." She saw to it that all the packages were sent to a coal mining town in West Virginia, where the miners had been out of work for a time. It would be hard to say who enjoyed the presents the most—the boys and girls, who received them, or Peggy Anne and her guests who shared their Christmas with some less fortunate children they had never seen.

Today, thanks to radio and television the biggest White House party of the year is shared by people throughout the United States. The President touches the button that floods the national community Christmas tree with light. In hundreds of other towns, in every state, the mayors stand ready to light their own community Christmas trees. When the President begins to speak, his voice is carried by radio to far corners of the world.

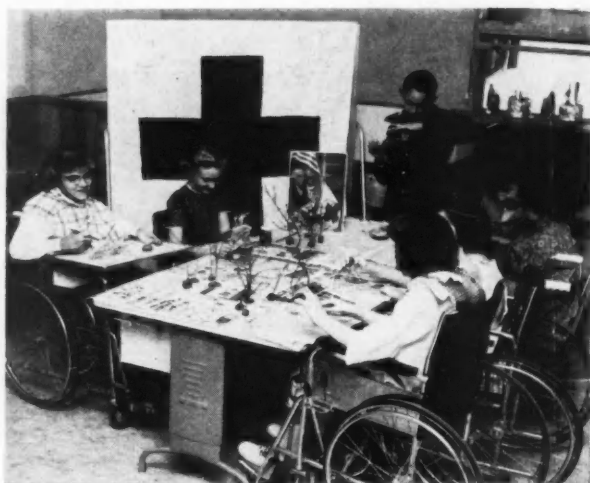
"The spirit of Christmas knows no race, no creed, no clime," said Franklin D. Roosevelt one Christmas Eve while he was President. "Around the manger of the Babe of Bethlehem, all nations and kindreds and tongues find unity." ★

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## Cheer for Shut-ins



At holiday time JRC members in the Story School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin have a nice way of bringing cheer to shut-ins. They first choose their favorite carols to make into books with gay Christmas covers. They then take their carol books to homes for the aged and shut-ins, present them to the residents, and together they all sing the old-loved songs until time for the children to leave.



## Four Wheelers and Christmas

★ ★  
Tucson, Arizona ★

★

**Baylor Schweitzer, an 11-year-old special education student at Miles School, Tucson, Arizona, who has been handicapped by illness since he was born, tells what happens at Christmas when Four Wheelers get in motion.**

What's a Four Wheeler, and what does it have to do with Christmas anyway?

In this case a Four Wheeler (though it sounds like a double bike) is a wheel chair. It is also the name of our class "club"—for obvious reasons since that is the way most of us get around. This is a special Tucson public school class which meets for just three hours a day. Last year we were the "Crutch and Chair Club," but this year most of us are mobile . . . hence the new title, "Four Wheelers."

Don't think Four Wheelers only sit around and talk. We can get things done too.

For instance, as part of our contribution to the American Junior Red Cross this year, we offered to make Christmas tray favors for 50 children in local hospitals.

We hope that on Christmas morning our decorations—small Christmas trees—will look beautiful and fresh and peaceful. There certainly wasn't anything peaceful about the Four Wheelers when they were making them, however, and it was strange the way

glitter ended up on someone's nose instead of the trees.

Our trees were made of small branches. We molded clay bases in different shapes and set the branches into the clay. Then came the decorating process in which we accidentally decorated ourselves too. One girl was *so* decorated, we considered giving her away as a tray favor. This idea however was not mutually agreed upon.

Tossing glitter is easy enough, but the mark of the true artist is in mixing paint. Ever tried mixing green and purple? An amazingly pretty color will result. However, add a tint of yellow and a rather non-stimulating toad green will result.

In spite of these rather common occurrences, we did achieve some fine results. I personally have achieved several perfect colors—on the palm of my hand. Someone else tried our dried paint for face powder, but instead of conventional rosy cheeks she had more of a turquoise shade.

When all our errors were past, the Christmas trees somehow managed to look very pretty, and we suspect the children in the hospitals who will get them will like them, too. At least we hope so!

# Trim a Safe Christmas Tree

With a Careful Christmas Crossword Puzzle

Boris Randolph

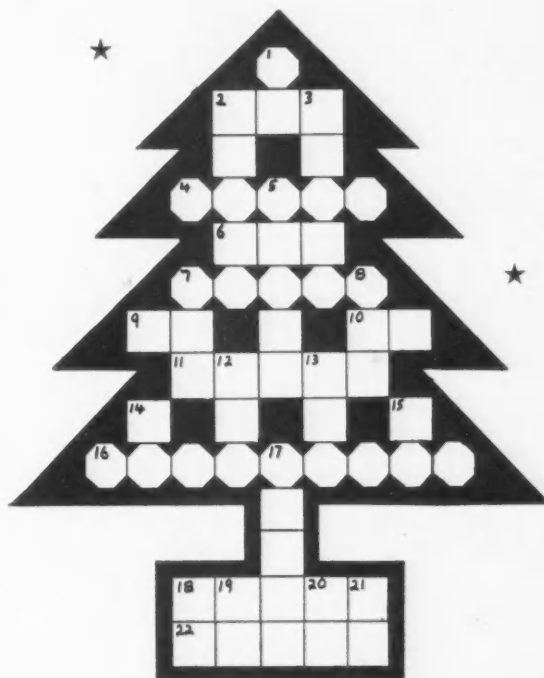
When you have filled in the octagonal cells of this puzzle you will have something we all should strive for at this time of year. Nearly all the definitions, too, will remind you of it.

## ACROSS

2. A distress signal when someone is in trouble.
4. Less dangerous because someone used caution.
6. What you have to do carefully to the string if you want a good knot on a package.
7. What the holiday season won't be if you are careless.
9. What things do when the green traffic light tells you to move.
10. An overhead train; be careful if you build one of these with your engineering set.
11. When wearing one of these on your face better watch where you're going.
16. A December holiday that calls for special carefulness.
18. Keen or pointed and to be handled with care.
22. What many boys and girls will get for Christmas, which they must learn to ride carefully.

## DOWN

1. Army Order (Abbreviation)
2. A bladed or roller toy always calling for care in using.
3. To guide, as number 22 across, always carefully, of course.
5. Often caused by carelessness with candles or faulty Christmas tree lights.
7. A parent who will worry if you are not careful.
8. The proper answer when you are asked if you will co-operate in being careful.
12. —Baba, of the "Forty Thieves"
13. Something to hold articles, such as tools or sewing materials, so they won't get underfoot.
14. Quiet! Noise doesn't help when one is trying to be careful.
15. Another parent that will worry if you are not careful.
17. What you can do (with words) to remind those who are not careful to try to be careful.
18. Southbound (Abbreviation)
19. A common greeting, like hello.
20. A note of the musical scale between do and mi.
21. Addition to a letter; also abbreviation for PLAY SAFELY.



## ADDITIONAL CLUE

The four letters across with a black square between each pair beginning on square number 14 spell something you should be careful not to do, especially when walking on icy pavements.

## ANSWERS

- |  |                |            |
|--|----------------|------------|
| 1. A.O.  | 2. S.O.S.      | 3. S.O.S.  |
| 2. Skate.  | 4. Safer.      | 5. Fires.  |
| 3. Steer.  | 6. Tie.        | 7. Mom.    |
| 5. Yes.  | 7. Merry.      | 8. Yes.    |
| 7. Mom.  | 9. Go.         | 12. All.   |
| 8. Yes.  | 10. El.        | 13. Kit.   |
| 15. Pa.  | 11. Masks.     | 14. Sh.    |
| 17. Speak.   | 16. Christmas. | 15. Pa.    |
| 18. S.B.   | 18. Sharp.     | 17. Speak. |
| 19. Hi.  | 22. Bikes.     | 20. Re.    |
| 20. A note of the musical scale between do and mi. |                | 21. P.S.   |

DOWN

ACROSS

# Snowflakes

Words by  
Marjorie Barrows

Moderato

Music by  
Mildred Barnes Royse

*p*  
Snow-flakes shimmer in the air, Sil-ver white, Sil-ver white,

Stars a-glim-mer ev'-ry-where, Christ-mas night, Christ-mas night,  
*rit.*

All of us are watch-ing them, Through the snow, Through the snow,  
*a tempo*

And re-mem-ber-ing Beth-le-hem Long a-go.  
*p*  
*molto rit.*





